

DISCORDER

guide to CTR fm 102
CABLE 100

MARCH 1984
VOLUME 2
NO. 2



Branford Marsalis
Visible Targets

FREE

DISCORDER

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CABLE 100

X - Having much more fun?



I can't stand the first song of a concert. The band tends to try a little too hard, the audience still worries if they have used enough Joy-Gel, taken the wrong amount of the right drugs. Too much apprehension for me. So I wait until I hear the opening strains of "We're Desperate" before I enter the ballroom.

It's electric. My feet start hopping, my spine is tingling. The audience stands calm, Vancouver laid back. I don't care to be cool - gotta dance, gotta move. X is in town, and my ears ring with the challenge.

Exene stands wrapping herself around her mike, like some red-haired modern-day Medusa. The energy with which she bends her voice against John Doe's takes her concentration, rivets her feet. Billy stands back, playing wild, standing easy, grinning slow like some blonde, baby-faced James Dean. And John bouncing his bass, dancing, pulling it all together. His voice croons half screams into the crowd. Hot, hot, hot.

X, a study in contradictions. Punky, yes, rockin', yes. But there are strains of country and western, sixties rock, even rockabilly. The American roots are there, but the lyrics cut hard at the American dream. Hey, John Doe, what's going on?

"To me, the American dream is to be able to get a job and live. But you get all the redneck nationality, I always see the typical American as being a farmer who could come to an X concert without ever hearing anything of punk rock and saying, 'Goddam those guys sure play fast, but they're sure having fun and these kids are having fun. That's okay with me.' That kind of open-mindedness."

The band is aware of the contradictions. Doe notes that he feels that the clash between the music and the lyrics is their main strength. For him, the roots are real. Then, he reflects on his government.

"I feel fine about the people. But the government won't respond. Like the Central American thing. There hasn't been a group of people who have been able to tap the American sentiment. Overwhelmingly, the American people want to leave those people alone, let them get their farms together and live. Obviously the government wants to see it differently."



But Doe feels there are limits to a rock band's political effectiveness. "You have a choice between playing music or becoming one of the Vancouver Five. I feel you have to make that choice. You can't do both, you can't be a politician with a guitar. Except you can, maybe, raise a few people's consciousness."

"I think it's a real slow change in America. With all the protests, we did eventually get out of the Vietnam war. And you can buy wheat bread in the supermarkets now."

Ultimately, X prefers a personal politic. Their songs are admittedly autobiographical. "Exene and I go through all sorts of weird things. The songs are just made a little more surreal. We just make them a lot better or a lot worse. Just a lot more of whatever it is."

But it all comes back to music. And though we baited the category hook, John Doe refused to bite.

"When the term punk came to be, it meant anything that wasn't Peter Dinklage. When it all started out, people were listening to bands as diverse as the Talking Heads, the Ramones and Blondie. One was an art band, another a rock and roll band, and the other a pop group. But they were all punk because they were different from the mainstream. Now punk doesn't mean anything, except people construe punk to mean hard-

"I think we sell records faster. But they end up selling the same amount. We are able to tour a little more comfortably because they can advertise and get more people out to the gigs."

"But the radio stations still don't notice us. It's involved with the Nazi politics they call formatting, going from Styx, Journey and Foreigner and then pulling a switch and going to country and western. If that doesn't work, then they try Duran Duran and A Flock of Seagulls. It's just that single mindedness that drives me nuts."

"We are getting some more exposure, even on the occasional FM chart, but it's still mostly the college stations, non-commercial stuff and public support."

wild. They think it'll be a big hit. I don't care. I'll record it. The guy who engineers and produces Scorpions is going to do it when we get back."

Back at the concert I'm still shaking, but the band is getting distracted. A wall of spit forces Billy back to the safety of the shadows at the back of the stage. Exene reminds the crowd that 1976 was some years ago. Her complaint is greeted with one particularly well-placed gob. One more song, and the band leaves the stage.

A chant of "no spit" rises from voices frustrated from too many years of misplaced concert machismo. For several minutes the situation remains tense and tenuous. Finally, a sense of mutual order is established, and the band returns. After a brief "Thank you" from Exene, the band plays again like this place, this crowd, this song is all that matters.

Later in the dressing room, I ask John Doe about the incident. "I feel like I'm being a Dad," he moans, "but it was a good show, wasn't it?"

Exene offers a different commentary. "What I think I didn't do was be like a Dad. I didn't talk like I was a parent. I talked like I was somebody in a bar and had just gotten spit on. If I was in that hall tonight and I was drinking a beer and some guy came up to me and spit in my face, my fist would go back and I would hit him."

I dare to suggest that she handled the whole thing with some degree of class, and Exene bristles. "There's one thing I don't know nothing about, I don't know nothing about class. I just recognized the situation and decided, as shy as I am, really, I better do something."

"But there's nothing you can say, really. Especially when you tell people not to spit, and they keep spitting on you. 'OK, well, make fun of me. Fine.'" And so X walked off stage. Nothing new for Exene.

"We do some all the time. Anytime someone causes trouble, we leave until the problem is solved. We just don't play under those conditions."

Often that kind of confrontation between audience and performer can rip a show apart. But for X it seemed like the moment passed and the energy inherent in their sound just add to take over. Exene is quick to explain.

"That's the way we are, you know. When the song that we're doing is being played, that's all we care about."

David Firman



So, John Doe, where does X go from here?

"I really wish I knew, because we're supposed to be recording a record. Exene and I have written a couple of songs that are real personal. X's records have been going bumper, fun, bumper, fun. So I guess we're up for a bumper with the next one."

"We might record the Trogs' 'Wild Thing.' We did it for a whim at a gig in Los Angeles, and a couple of guys in the record company went

core, which is something you do, like D.O.A., when you first start out and you want to play as loud and as fast as you can."

And certainly X started out playing loud and fast. They still - do it as well as any in the business. But the roots are always there, and perhaps because of this respect for a broader musical spectrum, they are one of the few alternative bands to get picked up by a major label. Above the din of those crying "Sell out!" we asked Doe what this has meant to the band.

CITR DiSCORDER

fm102 Cable 100

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air head

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Dear Airhead,

At the current Corsage concert a very disturbing incident occurred which prompted me to write. A friend of mine was roughed up, thrown down the stairs, and forcibly ejected from the building due to some simple misunderstanding. A person who was trying to enter with a beer was pushed into my friend by a security goon; the beer was spilt on my friend who then uttered an expletive, and the goon wrongly assumed it was directed at him. Attempts to explain proved futile as my friend was being thrown down the stairs. Appeals to the other security goons resulted in statements such as, "We leave him alone; he's a psycho; do what he says." As CITR promoted the event, I feel it is your responsibility to control the security goons who are supposedly controlling the crowd. I am very disappointed that something such as this could have occurred, and I expect it to be looked into. It would seem that the policy of your security goons is: Hit first, ask questions later (if at all).

A very disillusioned CITR fan.

I sympathize with your concerns, but I must inform you that CITR does not "promote" events, in the sense that we act as a booking agent or production company. Generally, our involvement is limited to promotion in an "on-air" context. Thus, the security "goons" are not ours and they are outside CITR's jurisdiction. We do, however, deplore the notion that a security badge is a license for violence.

Dear CITR/Disorder:

I have been listening to CITR for about one year now, since I moved to Vancouver from San Francisco. I think your station is fantastic! The radio in Vancouver, except for you guys, has to be the worst that any large North American city has.

The only complaint I have is that your signal is so weak and is not stereo. I would gladly pay a fee every year in order to fund your signal expansion, and my guess is

that a lot of other people would, too. Say, \$25-\$30 a year.

I find myself extremely frustrated every time I try to tune into your station. If I move around in my living room while listening to CITR, the signal dies! I have to be sitting down in order to enjoy it. And, you must agree, that's ridiculous.

I would also like to see Disorder give info on what's going to be on your station. In the BRAINEATER issue, all there was was a box which was so confusing it was useless. What album and artist features are going to be on this week? I don't know. Why don't you list them in the paper?

Well, that's about all I have to say. Keep up the good work. I love the station and so do a lot of others.

Yours truly,
Ted Thomas Jr.
P.S. You should also go 24 hours... stopping at 1 a.m. is terrible.

Dear Airhead,
FUCK!

Now that I have your attention, I'm getting sick and tired of all the asshole jocks around campus! I went down to the Pitt downstairs of the S.U.B., and you wouldn't believe all the jerks down there! Football jocks, by the hundreds! And they got the I.O. of a piece of furniture. They all got their cutesy little fag bags! And t-shirts advertising some fag football or hockey team. And the worst thing about it, these macho shits look like they had a tire pump shoved up their asses and been blown up. I walked in there wearing my punk outfit, and at least 20 dozen eyes gawk at me for about 5 minutes. Why can't they just grow up and accept the fact that we are here if they like it or not!

Your faithful reader,
Joey Meatrack

Just say O.V., Joey, and they'll leave you alone.

For the second month in a row Disorder is not terribly... Thrilling. 54-40 sucks. The standout track is Jonathan Richman. Japanese fashions... UCK...

Airhead,

I look at your "Top 50" in the February issue and can't help noticing how guitar-oriented and familiar most of the artists are. It seems such a shame that CITR presents the opportunity to expose truly innovative and exciting new music and yet offers a top ten that includes the likes of D.O.A., Iggy Pop, X, Jonathan Richman, Cramps, etc. -- all worthy acts but stagnant as hell compared with what is really HAPPENING -- RIGHT NOW at the forefront of today's music scene. I am now referring to bands like Portion Control, Legendary Pink Dots, Nocturnal Emissions and Einstürzende Neubauten to name just a few (none of whom can be found on your Top 50).

I believe your own Mark Musch is well aware of the importance of these artists, and so I hereby nominate him as the new program director for the station. Perhaps then CITR might have some vitality, foresight and impact, instead of dwelling on all these tired old guitar rock incarnations, few of which were even new three years ago, let alone now.

Yours sincerely,
Greg Rum

Personally, I'm partial to Household Appliances, if only because they're willing to gig in my kitchen whenever I'm hungry; and anything on the Black & Decker label -- home of the hits, as we handyman hipsters well know.

Dear Airhead,

Disorder is cool, but it needs more ads. How come stores like Zulu and Odyssey don't advertise? They wouldn't be around if it weren't for you guys (CITR)! Why don't you tell that?

I agree; obviously, I'm slightly biased. However, if you check out back issues of Disorder [admittedly scarce], you'll find that Zulu has advertised in almost every issue.

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Branford Marsalis - A Big Brother Talks

Branford Marsalis, 23, is saxophonist in the Wynton Marsalis Quintet, probably the most successful jazz group in America today. Led by his 22-year-old brother, the band has recorded 2 critically-acclaimed albums, "Wynton Marsalis" and "Think of One", and this year Branford will be releasing his own solo project. I talked with Branford during the Quintet's recent 10-day stint at the International Plaza Hotel.

Let's first talk about your own album -- what's that going to be like, and who's on it?

The guys in Wynton's band -- part of it -- Jeff Watts, Kenny Kirkland, and there's a young 16-year-old bass player, he's a phenom: Charnett Moffett, he's incredible. And Ron Carter, drummer Smitty Smith, and Mulgrew Miller, who plays with Art Blakey now -- that's most of the people.

Are you doing any writing for this record?

Yeah, yeah! I got three tunes on it, which is a milestone for me, considering that I've never written anything at any time in my life before. And I hope people like them. A couple of the tunes I like, one's all right. One was easy, I just played. It was fun. The whole album was fun. It'll be out next month, too. Save all your nickels and dimes, folks, don't go to the movies, put it in a little piggybank with my name on it; when the album comes out, buy it. The name of the album is "Scenes in the City". The album cover you'll like it. I mean, I don't look like a Nina Hagen album, or Ozzy Osborne with dead pigs all over and stuff, but for jazz, I guess it's unusual.

Are there differences between you and Wynton as far as your personalities go?

Yeah, I think so. He's a very intense guy. I mean, to do the things that he's done in such a short span of time, you have to have a certain intensity to ward off all the wolves who try to get to you and confuse you. There's a lot of pressure on him in what he does, what he's doing. Four different Grammy nominations in two sections of music -- that's pretty demanding. I tend to be more laid back. Things don't bother me that much.



Do you think Wynton's developed as a band leader?

Oh yeah, a lot. I mean, leaps and bounds. His command over the band changes as time goes by; he grows into it every day the more that he does it. He's become a lot more relaxed about it. There used to be a point where people would say, "He lets the band play too long." Well, we can play for a million years; when he's playing, you know whose band it is.

So what do you say to a critic who suggests that you're free-loading on Wynton's success?

I say thank you. I don't know. I mean, in a way I am. But people are family-oriented. They want to sell a story, they'll latch onto something. You know, a great trumpet player's a good story, but a great musical family's a bigger story. They don't say, "The Wynton Marsalis Quintet!" they say, "The Wynton Marsalis Quintet with his brother Branford on saxophone." I didn't walk up to him and slip a dollar in his hand and say, "Hey buddy, why don't you put my name in that paper?" I wake up in the morning, and it's in there.

It's like Wynton; he wasn't in high school saying, "One

day I'm going to be a star."

He said, "One day I'm going to get a record contract." He knew that. And he was right. He started playing music because he loved it. I play the music because I love it and I love playing in my brother's band.

How old are your other brothers, and are they going into music?

Ellis, the 19-year-old's a law student at NYU. The 12-year-old's autistic, so he won't be playing much of anything. Delpheayo is the 18-year-old, he's at Berklee College of Music right now, playing the trombone; he's either going to play music or be an engineer. He has a lot of production plans and things like that.

And Jason is the boy wonder; he's the child prodigy. He's seven years old, he has perfect pitch, total recall and he plays three instruments -- drums, piano, violin. You can put on any record, I mean, you can put on a Miles Davis record and say, "This is Clifford Brown," he'll say, "No, that's Miles Davis." When I was seven years old, I could have cared less, let alone actually have known it. And he has a tremendously high IQ...

He's a genius. He's either going to be a mental case, or he's going to be one of the greatest musicians who ever lived. It's that simple.

What do you think of commercial music these days?

I used to really love commercial music; now I'm moving away from it because it's so processed. I mean, they're trying to just get some music style where everything's just straight up on the seam, and soul loses its identity and rock loses its identity and it's just some hybrid stuff.

This guy Bill Laswell's good. He has his own identity, his own way he wants to do things; I like it. But then there's other groups -- Duran Duran, The Police -- they're cutie-boys, but their music is nice; it's trendy stuff to me. It ain't going to set no pace.

That's my opinion, though. That's the problem with being a musician; you subject everything to your standards. It's hard for me to just listen to something and take it for face value. I mean, Duran Duran's good 'cause it makes teenagers happy -- screaming fanatics. They have something to do, it's an emotional outlet, and that's important. You can't expect people to sit around and enjoy jazz and intellectual music, you know, sit around and listen to Beethoven and Vivaldi all day, 'cause that would make people rather routine, and it would also diminish the significance of those kinds of musics. Because most people in the world just aren't overwhelmingly intellectual, you know? It's not meant as an insult, it's just that if everybody was a leader, then the leaders wouldn't be anything. Most people are followers, and that's cool. That's what makes jazz and classical music so eclectic.

Of course, we have to talk about what jazz records you listened to when you first started playing jazz -- the all-important "influences" question.

Charlie Parker, then I got into Miles Davis. I got into John Coltrane very, very late. This guy Billy Pierce, who was in Art Blakey's band, forced me to listen to some "Trane one day and explained it so logically that I couldn't help but like it. I was just so afraid to play it because so many people try, and his music's so strong that they fail; they just sound like

clones, and I didn't want to sound like a clone, so I would just avoid the music, like it had no significance at all. Eventually, I had to come to terms with it, so I did, but mostly it was Charlie Parker, Cannonball Adderley, Lester Young... I listened to everybody.

And tried to pick up stuff from everybody...

Exactly. I learned all of the trumpet solos on "Clifford Brown with Strings," bunch of Miles' solos, Clark Terry solos, 'cause they're really hard to play on saxophone. I figured if I could get the trumpet technique down, then I could use it in a way that no other saxophone players could.

I learned a couple of piano solos because their accents are different. So you try to incorporate their accents into your music, and it makes your music sound different, because you've started to do things that saxophonists traditionally don't do.

Do you ever think of leading your own band?

Yeah, I think of it... I also think of getting a million dollars playing football for the Green Bay Packers. I think about it, yeah, but I'm not really entertaining it seriously. Not any time soon, 'cause there's no reason to leave the band I'm in. It's a great band, we're accomplishing a lot of things. I learned a lot of things just being in Wynton's band and watching the business side, which, had I had my own band, Wynton and I would be learning the same things at the same time, with nobody to lean on... it would be stupid. And now we're together, and as things happen, I can be there if he needs me, and I'm getting a first-hand view of things without having my neck on the chopping block. I'm just content where I am.

--Fiona MacKay

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Simple Minds

Sparkle in the Rain

The first thing I wanted to do when I saw Simple Minds' newest release *Sparkle in the Rain* was put a bag over it. It must rank as one of the most hideous examples of cover art I've ever had the displeasure of seeing. A friend even went so far as to say that it was worse than the Vancouver Canucks' logo... (True!)

However, despite *Sparkle in the Rain*'s decidedly unorthodox album cover, I'm sorry to say that from a musical standpoint the album is anything but.

"Conventional" about sums it up: Simple Minds have decided they want to be liked, preferably and particularly by commercial radio. To be accurate, that decision appeared to have been made several releases ago with *Love Song*, their first Canadian Top-40 single. Their musical strategy has remained the same since. *Sparkle in the Rain* merely takes their desire another step further.

Listening to this album is a little like eating Cream of Wheat the day after you've had four impacted wisdom teeth pulled: you may not actually enjoy it for its own sake, but it slices down the throat without having to be

chewed. *Sparkle in the Rain* suffers from similar blandness. A little more contrast -- and a little less cloying drama -- would have made the difference, would have lent some bite to their material.

Steve Lillywhite got his hands on this one and his lush production has much to do with Simple Minds' conspicuous and disconcerting resemblance to the bands Big Country and U2. It is bound to be argued that Peter Walsh did a far more interesting job with their last LP, *New Gold Dream*. But the purpose of hiring Lillywhite as producer this time around seems plain

-- to make *Sparkle in the Rain* a BIG SUCCESS. His stamp of approval, however, may mean the kiss of death in music's alternative circles.

From Pop to Progressive to Danceable to Hugely Successful -- is that the Simple Minds master play? Maybe that's an obvious question with an equally obvious answer. And perhaps the question of accessibility as a musical virtue is naive. Still, the consensus concerning *Sparkle in the Rain* may be that Simple Minds are trying too hard in the wrong direction and have lost the more important quality of individuality in the

process.

Idealism aside, let us conclude that Simple Minds are playing ball with the big boys now. I still might be moved to go home and play *Sparkle in the Rain* at full blast while I'm cooking dinner in the next room. Why? Precisely because it IS reasonably likable, certainly easy to listen to, and, principles aside, more or less inoffensive. Something to dance to while you mince the onions. It is -- unfortunately -- NOT an album to be taken seriously.

Robin Razzel



Golden Palominos

This album is a collaboration of six musicians who are really making moves in the New York music scene. Anton Fier, Arto Lindsay, Bill Laswell, David Moss, John Zorn and Jamaaladeen Tacuma have been making appearances as The Golden Palominos for about a year and a half now; this is the first time they've put their music on record. The result is

a successful mix of 1970s avant-garde rock and 1980s Ornette Coleman-style funk, with a hefty dose of that rare spice, "danceability." This is not a trendy pop album, but for those who will take the chance, there are a lot of surprising, eclectic ideas to be found in this band's music.

Anton Fier and Arto Lindsay are credited with most of the compositions; Fier is known for his drumming with the Lounge Lizards, The Feelies, Pere Ubu and David Thomas and The Pedestrians, while Lindsay was the leader of DNA (see the "No New York" LP). Laswell provides the swirling bass sounds

throughout, doubling up with Tacuma -- Ornette's band -- on two tracks. David Moss donates such interesting things as "non-rhythmic percussion" and Bertola Sound Sculptures, and Zorn is on alto sax, clarinet and game calls (more about those later). Also present are Fred Frith and Michael Beinhorn (Material keyboardist).

With such an eccentric bunch as this, one might expect an album of esoteric meanderings through the outer realms of musical mayhem. Fortunately, the combination of talent here has managed to avoid excess. The tracks on this LP are all 5-7 minutes

long, but the musicianship is so tight that the tunes ride along without making the listener strain to understand what's happening. It's like being in a very noisy disco watching videos of Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom. (That's where the game calls come in: bees, horses, you name it, it's there somewhere.)

A novel concept... if this is the kind of music you've been itching to hear, trot on down to your local disc emporium and buy this album.

Fiona MacKay

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"Realistic Prices"

King Kurt

Ooh Wallah Wallah

Cow noises! They got cow noises! I tell you, right at the end of one song. And fiddles, not just guitars and drums, but fiddles. And listen to these names: The Smeg, Maggot, Thwack, Rory, John, and Robert.

Collectively they're known as King Kurt, a band of sorts, and how they got Dave Edmunds to produce them I'll never know. Anyway, their record is called *Oohwallah-wallah* and the more I listen to it the more I feel that...well...it's just not serious!

For instance, look at the picture on the back of the album cover; six idiots with

funny haircuts leaning over each other with their chins outstretched. These are definitely six guys who you wouldn't want to take to a formal dinner with an old and proper aunt. They'd probably end up drinking champagne out of shoes and wearing lampshades on their heads.

And as for the record, well it sounds just as goofy as these guys look. Try to imagine a barbershop quartet on bennies all set to a speeded up 4/4 beat with trivial drums an led by a guy with a mutated Texas accent. No ordinary rock band would dare sound like this, but then again, no ordinary rock band would include covers of "Mack the Knife," "Ghost Riders in the Sky," and "When the Saints Go Marching In" all on one album.

I don't know, somewhere down the line these guys

decided they were only in the music business for fun and damn it, it's contagious! Listen to the single, *Destination Zululand*; if it doesn't get you bouncing off the furniture nothing will.

So what I want to know is: who told these guys life was all fun and games? They act like they can just stagger off to any old place and have a party, so what if they've got this record to back them up? I don't want fun and I don't care how many times I hear this record. I'm a serious, mature person. I want meaningful music. So there.

Dum di dum de dum..... oohwallahwallah oohwallah-wallah dance to the zulu beat. Oh damn it, I'm hooked.

Dean "Rock and Roll is a Serious Business" Pelkey

ESG

Come Away

I wanted to tap my foot. I wanted the room to vibrate. I just wanted to DANCE, god-damn! ESG make it so easy; they play music that even your bones can hear.

Come Away is an album for people who take their writhing seriously. No pseudo-inspiring swirling synth overtures to grimace through while we wait for this week's pop star to invoke his all to often impotent muse. ESG cut right to the heart of the matter using only the most basic ingredients.

This album is dominated by bass -- chunky, throbbin', thoroughly overpowering bass. A variety of percussive devices -- congas, cowbells, and vibraslap -- embellish the solid backbone of the bass line, with just the occasional pinch of guitar or synthesizer thrown into the recipe for atmospheric effect. Voila, the sound of ESG.

ESG is truly an R & B family affair. The four Scroggins sisters -- Renee, Valerie, Marie and Deborah -- handle bass, guitar, drums and miscellaneous percussion with Tito Labran banging the congas. All the girls do some singing, although Renee assumes the greater part of the vocal chores.

But what's the message, you ask? What colour is ESG's high horse? *Come Away* is a simple, happy exhortation to transcend mundane reality in the easiest way possible -- dancing. Even those of us who, for one reason or another, aren't overly fond of getting up on the dance floor and really babooning in, will be hard pressed not to pulsate to the sound of ESG. Doldrums? *Come Away* is an extremely therapeutic record -- with no side effects.

Steve Robertson

Verdict



Alien Sex Fiend

Who's Been Sleeping in my Brain

Dear Uncle CD,

Please help me! I'm confused! You see, all of my friends have been telling me about this new band from England, Alien Sex Fiend. Some of them say that these guys are new, revolutionary, and exciting music that's happening RIGHT NOW! The others say that ASF are nothing but a bunch of rip-off hype trendy wankers. I borrowed the record, and I can't see what all the fuss is about. Am I clued out or what?

Your loving nephew,
Robin

Felt

Splendor of Fear

It is a wet, foggy day, and you hear the sweet strains of music as you stroll along the Seawall in Stanley Park. The source of the sounds is a small, wood-carved speaker near a large, damp log. You lie down on the clammy sand and rest your head against the log; you close your eyes and listen to the music; the quiet, gentle music.

Soon, you find yourself floating slowly over the sea; cascades of sleepy guitar lines fill your ears, a heavy, understated drum thuds carefully in the background, always in the background. A dreamy, plaintive voice (the name Lou Reed springs to mind) with a slight accent breaks to the surface, then subsides quickly, to return again only once.

All this time, you remain unmoved. The music is never happy, but remains somewhat gloomy, not unlike the weath-

Robin, Don't worry, you're not alone. I can't figure what all the fuss is about, either. Jeffery Lee Pierce calls these guys "Batcave Assholes;" others tout them as the Next Big Thing. As far as I can see, it's really just another case of the Brits stealing American ideas (see: punk, rock 'n roll, etc.), repackaging them, and selling 'em back to the Americans at inflated prices.

ASF are TRASH: skulls, bones, ghoulish make-up, horror movie lyrics, nasty sounding guitar, no bass. In short, the whole shebang. This is the good news. TRASH is fun! And so, I suppose, are ASF, but only to a point. Y'see, ASF are not particularly inspired Trash; I get the feeling that they haven't seen either "Hot Rods from Hell" or "Riot on Sunset Strip" (two films essential to the true appreciation

of TRASH).

To be blunt, Robin, Alien Sex Fiend sound like A Flock of Seagulls trying to be the Cramps.

Now, you might say this is not necessarily a bad thing. I mean, it beats the Flock trying to sound like themselves. But Alien Sex Fiend fall short of the inspired Trash of the Cramps, the wit and originality that make the Cramps the most wonderful band this side of an acid flash-back.

What ASF give us is a thud-dance beat, some groaning haunted-house synthesizer, some uninspired noise guitar and a bunch of reedy whining on topics chosen from what Alien Sex Fiend suppose to be the seamiest side of life. It's decadence worn like a pair of deliberately torn fishnet stockings.

So, Robin, don't worry, you aren't as clued out as your friends might think. *Who's Been Sleeping in My Brain?* is a remarkably sexless piece of vinyl. Seek your Trash elsewhere.

Your loving uncle,
CD

er you are experiencing. You snap out of the almost hypnotic state to find an album in front of you: "FELT--The Splendor of Fear," it says. You vaguely recall a pair of songs by this group that you heard in another life (or was it on CTR?), but you seem to remember them as being more interesting than this.

While the last guitar notes fade away, your mind is cleared of the haze and focuses once again. You now remember two singles, "Penelope Tree" and "My Face is on Fire," and an LP, "Crumbling the Antiseptic Beauty;" but the lingering feeling that this album isn't quite as good remains. "It would be nice music to fall asleep to," you think, trying to find a reason to spend some money on this LP. "But then again..."

Suddenly, the album cover turns to dust in your hands--and your doubts leave with it--"Maybe I don't like this weather after all..."

You get up--and start walking again--your mind, and your wallet, at ease.

Japhy Ryder

John Cale

Caribbean Sunset

This is Cale's twelfth record in his post-Velvet Underground career and follows last year's outstanding *Music for a New Society*. The good thing about Cale's music is that even his most asinine songs are much better than most music released today, and even his duff albums have a few good tracks on them.

Having said this, I must say that *Caribbean Sunset* is a duff album, especially musically. It is definitely not up to Cale's usually very high standards. Cale does three things beautifully: piano ballads, experimental music, and incredibly violent thrash. This album does not contain these.

There are three major problems with this album:

1) There is too much synthesizer, especially when Cale is trying to be aggressive. Much of it is LAME and so repetitive that it sounds like a Loverboy backing track.

2) The guitar is mixed too far down to be effective, especially on songs like *Model Beirut Recital*, *Praetorian Underground*, and *The Hunt*,

whose lyrics, bass and drums indicate that Cale is trying to be violent. Part of the blame for this should lie with guitarist Dave Young, who co-wrote these songs without giving himself any good parts.

3) There is too much inane material. *Hungry for Your Love* is as banal as the title suggests.

This album, however, does have good points, such as Cale's vocals, which growl along admirably and contrast nicely with the music. Songs like *Experiment Number 1* and *Where There's a Will* are piano ballads which are both pretty and powerful. The album's title track is very soft, with some lovely viola work by Cale. The album even has two songs (*Magazines* and *Villa Albani*) you can dance to.

For readers unfamiliar with Cale's work, I would suggest *Fear*, *Sabotage*, or *Music for a New Society*, which all have the rare ability to combine stunning beauty with raw power. For Mr. Cale, I would suggest that he watch a few more autopsies before recording his next album, as this stimuli has worked well for him on past albums.

rob Simms

Music Video

Bowie, Berlin, Kate Bush, Culture Club, Duran Duran, Thomas Dolby, Eurythmics, Grace Jones, Roman Holiday, Rutles, Residents, Spandau Ballet, Stray Cats, Sex Pistols, Talk-Talk & more...



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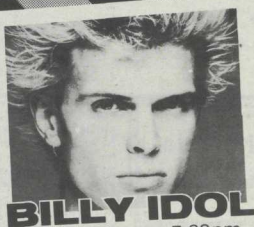
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Visible Targets.....Twilite Zoning



Laura

Pamela

Ron

Rebecca

The Visible Targets have certainly made a name for themselves in the Pacific Northwest during the past year or two, and with the recent release of their 5-song album *Autistic Savant* on Park Avenue Records, that name could extend beyond the Rocky Mountains.

"No, no, it's certainly not part of any grand plan. This is a very up and down business... things change from day to day," states Pamela, a sentiment echoed by her sisters Rebecca and Laura and drummer Ron Simmons. The four of them were in Vancouver in early February to play a weekend of gigs at the Railway Club and the Soft Rock Cafe, and to promote the new disc, which was recorded here in Vancouver at Mushroom Studios and produced by Mick Ronson.

Why Vancouver? "Well, it's always nice to get out of town for a while, and we really like Vancouver and the studio. Mick had done some work at Mushroom before, so it seemed like the logical place."

The Visible Targets originate from Yakima, Washington, but have since made

Seattle their base. They've been together for almost four years, and in that time have become one of the more prominent groups on the local scene. *Autistic Savant* is their second record release, and it has recently been picked for national distribution by Jam Records in the United States. Time for the big break?

"Well, it's going to take a lot of exposure, and that pretty well means a lot of touring," states Rebecca, who plays bass for the band and shares the singing duties with Pamela and Laura. Besides a "few major world tours of Washington state," the Visible Targets have yet to venture farther south or east. Their biggest touring coup to date was backing up the Simple Minds on their last Canadian visit during the winter of 1982-83. "A great experience -- one that we enjoyed immensely. The Simple Minds were great to work with. They were very empathetic toward us, being a back-up band and all. They made sure we were treated well."

As individuals, the Visible Targets seem unassuming and rather relaxed about their current situation and what the

future might hold for them. But on stage, look out! First and foremost, the V.T.s are a tight and fast-paced ROCK 'N ROLL band. Perhaps there is something to be said for the special chemistry between siblings -- it certainly works for Rebecca, Laura and Pamela. They share the spotlight with ease and together project warmth and sensuality. The whole show is driven by the dynamics of drummer Ron. They'll be back in town soon. Check it out!



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Program Features

Random Insomnia:

A Brief Primer

Four significant aspects separate *Random Insomnia* from not only all the other programming on CTR but all other radio programming period (be it AM, FM, CB, Police Band or Shortwave; be it past, present or future).

Aspect Number One: Its name, *Random Insomnia*. (Random: chance, haphazard. Insomnia: prolonged or abnormal sleeplessness.) No other radio show has ever been called *Random Insomnia* (ever).

Aspect Number Two: The time that it's on. *Random Insomnia* is on every Sunday morning at 1 a.m. (that's late night Saturday). In the eight or nine months that *Random Insomnia* has been on the air at CTR, no other radio show has been on, in CTR's band, at the same time (except for the one or two times that *Random Insomnia* hasn't been on and another show has replaced it).

Aspect Number Three: *Random Insomnia* is the only radio show ever (in the history of civilization) to be expressly dedicated to solving all the world's problems. The means by which this is being accomplished are, of course, secret. However, we do need your money, so please send whatever you can afford (or more, if you'd like) to RANDOM INSOMNIA, c/o CTR UBC RADIO, 6138 S.U.B. BLVD., VANCOUVER, B.C. V6T 2A5. Just make your cheques out to RANDOM INSOMNIA, and, remember, it's 1984, not '83 (better still, why not just send cash. Then nobody can trace it.)

--Gerald Bostock et al.

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7							
8							
9	MUSIC OF OUR TIME						
10							
11	NEWS- SUNDAY- BRUNCH						FOLK INTER NATIONAL
12							NEWS
1	THE ROCKERS SHOW						
2							
3	RABBLE						THE PLAYLIST SHOW
4	WITHOUT A PAUSE						
5							
6	SUNDAY MAGAZINE						SATURDAY MAGAZINE
7							
8	SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE						
9							
10	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW					
11							#1 PLAYLIST
12	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW					
1							
2	LIFE AFTER BED	LATE NITE	?	?	PLACEBO RADIO	AFTER HOURS	RANDOM INSOMNIA
3							

High Profile

WEEK 1

- 1 Thurs Jonathan Richman
- 2 Fri Floating Anarchy
- 3 Sat Material etc.

WEEK 2

- 5 Mon The Shoes
- 6 Tues The Freshies
- 7 Wed Sisters of Mercy
- 8 Thurs Felt
- 9 Fri Visible Targets
- 10 Sat T. Rex - A personal memory Part I

WEEK 3

- 12 Mon Big Star
- 13 Tues New York Dolls
- 14 Wed Carl Perkins
- 15 Thurs ESG
- 16 Fri 21 Years of Jamaican Reggae
- 17 Sat T. Rex - A personal memory Part II

WEEK 4

- 19 Mon Jah Wobble & Friends
- 20 Tues Bowie Parities
- 21 Wed Gene Vincent
- 22 Thurs Cabaret Voltaire
- 23 Fri Interview With A Street Musician
- 24 Sat Neglected Adam & The Ants

WEEK 5

- 26 Mon Plimsouls
- 27 Tues 60s American Pop 6 to 9:30 p.m.
- 28 Wed Songs The Cramps Have Done
- 29 Thurs Delta 5
- 30 Fri The Alarm
- 31 Sat Independent Singles 1978

Public Affairs

CITR Public Affairs is alive and kicking, and hidden beneath this seemingly innocuous label are shows designed to titillate, inform, enthrall and generally make life worth living.

Tune in weekday mornings at 9:00 a.m. for:

MONDAY--ETCETERA: Covers a wide range of topics from numerology to alternative health systems. This month ETCETERA features Rape: The Woman's Stance, featuring interviews with lawyers, psychiatrist, health care workers and others involved in this issue.

TUESDAY--SPEAKER'S CHOICE: Talks from world class speakers on a potpourri of issues, from the nuclear arms race to love and limit-setting. With analysis and editorial comment from the CITR staff.

WEDNESDAY--DIMENSIONS: Deals with political events, current affairs and issues of a topical nature. If it's in the news, DIMENSIONS covers it.

THURSDAY--SPORTS UNLIMITED: Sports, Sports, Sports. More exciting than the 20-Minute Workout.

FRIDAY--ARTISTS ONLY: No, you don't need a Canada Council grant to listen! ARTISTS ONLY tackles the creative process: interviews with those in the spotlight and those behind the scenes.

Just a reminder that this wide world of Public Affairs is open to all. If you or your group has something to say, we can give you the means to say it. Or perhaps you'd be interested in a more permanent connection. If you'd like to take advantage of CITR's Access service or join CITR's Public Affairs Staff call:

Venus Carson-Corkill
228-3017

THE MARCH TOP 50

- DOA
- Iggy Pop
- X
- Echo and the Bunnymen
- 54/40
- The Smiths
- Agent Orange
- Simple Minds
- Nina Hagen
- Raybats
- Siouxsie and the Banshees
- Trevor Jones
- Bill of Rights
- Cocoteau Twins
- Tom Waits
- Dead Kennedys
- Flestones
- The The
- Talking Heads
- The Cure
- Jonathan Richman
- Fad Gadget
- Brian Eno
- Gun Club
- Stranglers
- Cramps
- Lou Reed
- Joolz
- David Bowie
- John Cale
- Killing Joke
- XTC
- Grandmaster and Melle Mel
- Au Pairs
- Violent Femmes
- Gang of Four
- Bill Nelson
- Bauhaus
- Art of Noise
- Black Uhuru
- Joy Division
- King Kurt
- Elvis Costello
- The Clash
- Ramones
- Public Image Limited
- Wall of Voodoo
- Bill Laswell
- The 3 O'Clock
- The Alarm

Surprise, surprise - DOA makes it to No. 1 again. Canadian content rules all. A larger number of playlist artists have turned up this month - our affable music directors should be sending belated Valentine flowers to DJ's any day now.

This list reflects the number of times songs by each artist have been played on CITR in the past month.



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**COLIN
UPTON**

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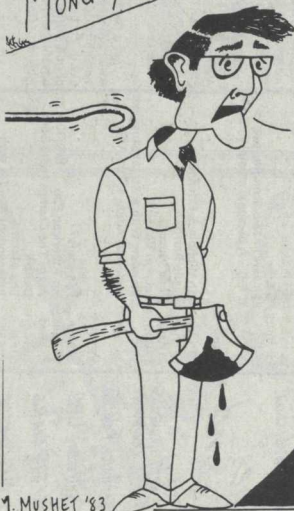
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March 26